MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

BY AARON ALLWORTHY & Co.

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BIOGRAPHY.

From the PORT FOLIO.

Conclusion of the Life of Pascal.

THE last four years of his life were but a long disease, a state of continual and increasing languor, in which he manifested the fortitude and resignation of a genuine christian. It was not a new disorder, but a return of the complaints, to which he had been subject from his youth—aggravated by that carelessness of health, which a mistaken piety had now made a religious principle. The distemper came on by a violent tooth ache, which deprived him altogether of sleep.—Yet even in this condition, that perpetual motion of intellect, that incessant activity of mind, which is the most decisive characteristic of genius, did not forsake him. About twenty years before father Mersenue, an eminent mathematician, had published a problem for solution, which exercised the ingenuity of all the most illustrious men of the age, distinguished in that branch of science. He called it the problem of the *Roulette*, or wheel. The question was to ascertain the curve line, described in the air, by a nail in the circumference of a rolling wheel, from the point of its contact with the ground, until after a complete revolution of the wheel it comes to the ground again. The problem had remained unanswered, though in the meantime it had been a subject of investigation and of contest between such men as Descartes, Roberval, Fermat, Baugrant, Wren, Torricelli and others alike of distinguished note. In the agonies of the tooth-ache, Pascal discovered and settled the demonstration of this curve and its principal properties. His friend, the Duke of Roannes, to whom he communicated his success, advised him to make use of it as an argument in favor of that religious cause, so near his heart, by proving to the world, that the humble submission of his *faith*, was not for the want of powers to advance as far in demonstration, as any of the philosophical infidels. Pascal therefore, published the problem anew, and offered a prize of sixty pistoles, to any person who within eighteen months, should give the solution. None however appeared; and in 1658, he applied the money, to defray the publication of a small treatise containing his own demonstration. It was published under the name of *Amos d' Ettonville*, the anagram, of *Louis de Montalte;* and it is now extremely scarce, only one hundred an twenty copies having been printed. Its title was *Treatise of the Roulette.* But the curve has since obtained, and is now known by the name of the Cycloid. Its properties were farther investigated afterwards by Huyghens, Wallis, Leibnitz, and Bernouilli, the former of whom applied some of its principles to the improvement of clocks.

The solution of the problem had relieved Pascal from his tooth-ache, but the disorders from which it arose were such as 'not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the East, could medicine to rest.' He continued languishing, and devoting more and more of his time to relics, beads, and practises of devotion, until the 19th of August, 1662, when he expired, at the age of thirty-nine years and two months. He was buried in the church of St. Stephen, at Paris, that being the parish in which he resided at the time of his decease.

Some years after his death, the loose hints which he had occasionally thrown upon paper, to be used in the great work, which he did not live to accomplish, were published under the title of 'Thoughts of Mr. Pascal.' They were attacked by Voltaire, a man more bigotted in infidelity, than ever Pascal was in religion. As a specimen of the manner which Voltaire employed in the criticism, I shall give one example, in which the original thought, and the remark of the censor are peculiarly characteristic of their respective authors.

'Whenever (says Pascal) a proposition seems inconceivable, it should not be denied, on that account alone; examine its reverse, and if that be found manifestly false, you may affirm the proposition, however incomprehensible.'

Here is a rule, which must be of frequent use to every sincere inquirer after truth; not that it can lead to any material discovery, which could remain concealed without it; but because it gives a general method of setting any given and questionable proposition in a new point of view; and as different arguments, have the strongest impression upon different minds, there can be nothing more important in the art of reasoning, than to multiply the modifications and different aspects, under which a proposition may be placed.

Now what think you is Voltaire's remark, on this ingenious and profound idea?

'It seems to me, that it is evident that the two contraries may both be false. For instance, an ox *flies* to the southward with wings—an ox *flies* to the northward without wings—twenty thousand angels yesterday *slew* 20,000 men—20,000 men yesterday *slew* 20,000 angels. These propositions are evidently false.'

One would think it unnecessary to tell a child of the most ordinary capacity, that to affirm that an ox flies to the northward without wings, is not the reverse of affirming, that an ox flies to the southward with wings. It is the very same proposition with different accessary circumstances. The reverse would be the same in both cases. An ox did not fly, which would be manifestly true. The same observation applies to the other instances adduced of angels and men.

Voltaire had no reasoning powers, and was utterly incapable of meeting a logician like Pascal, face to face. But he had much wit, and could easily build a sarcasm upon a blunder. His common practice was, to make buffoonery, serve the purpose of argument. Yet it needs some indulgence to discover even wit, in his flying oxen. With or without wings, they are still the images of dulness, and their creation is not more creditable to their author's imagination than to his judgment.

'A genius, no less exalted than Descartes, in speculation, and vigorous as Bossuet, in style, Pascal, employed both those powers in combating infidelity, which had followed in the train of Calvanism, and which, though concealed, and without influence, even then gave concern to the zealous friends of Christianity. He first attacked those miserable casuists, who appear, indeed, to have been sincere in their absurdities, but who nevertheless had disgraced religion, by rendering her, as far as was in their power, accessary to those ridiculous scholastic subtleties, which had filled their books with the most pernicious errors. Those renowned Provincial writers therefore, which gave them the stroke of death, may be laid to the account of

true philosophy. Had these letters been only a book of controversy, they would have met the fate common to so many others, and been forgotten. Had they possessed only the merit of being written with a purity of style, at that period unexampled, they would be remembered only for the service they had rendered to the language. But the talent of pleasantry, uniting with that of eloquence, and the ingenious choice of a dramatic form, by the means of which he makes serious personages appear with so much humor and drollery, raising the smile of sport amidst the gravest and dryest of materials, made it impossible for this excellent polemic work to pass away with the particular interest which at first secured its splendid success.

'A much more exalted conception, however, was that of the great work which he did but purpose, and had not time to accomplish, in which he intended to have proved to demonstration, the necessity and truth of revelation: by which those who know any thing of language, or of religion, will not understand that he ever though of explaining the mysteries by a theory merely human; which would be to build up reason on the ruins of faith. Pascal was above an inconsistency so contrary to Christianity; he meant only to demonstrate the motives of credibility, founded upon the certainty of facts and of consequences, in such a manner that reason could have nothing to oppose against it, but must be forced to confess that what God has been pleased to make us know, is sufficient to induce our belief of that which he has chosen to conceal. This plan is perfectly philosophical, perfectly practicable, and if we judge only by the fragments he left, imperfectly as they have come to us, no man was better qualified to accomplish it than Pascal. The connection of the ideas is necessarily lost; so that one of the main pillars with regard to the object of the work is wanting; but that of the thought and expression were of itself sufficient to immortalize the writer. *Ex ungue leonem*; you perceive the lion's claws; this may be said at every page of this singular collection, published after the death of Pascal, under the title of his *Thoughts*. Voltaire has combated some of them with very bad reasoning, and with dishonest misconstruction. The very project of attack was unfair and uncandid. How can a man reconcile himself to the meanness of formal argument, against the mere detached and desultory first thoughts of an author, thrown upon paper only for the purpose of a memorandum, to be afterwards connected with the chain of his reasoning. Voltaire, forsooth, must go and dash himself against a scaffolding. How much more unsuccessful must he have been against the building itself.

THOMSON has devoted nearly half his Poem on Spring, to the interesting subject of LOVE. After painting the terrible consequences of this universal passion, when unsuccessful or ill applied, he gives the following admirable contrast :—

But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.

He then delineates the 'matchless joys' of such a pair, possessed of 'truth, goodness, honor, harmony and love :'

——What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!

. . . . . .

Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows: and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm.

The lines respecting the education of children, are frequently quoted and admired :—

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young IDEA how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breath th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

Thus he represents this happy pair as progressing in a calm and virtuous course through life,

Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To *scenes* where LOVE and BLISS IMMORTAL REIGN.

[*Far. Cab.*

EPISTOLARY.

Letter of LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

"Concerning Monsieur de la Rochefoucault's maxim"—"*That marriage is sometimes convenient, but never delightful,*"

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

There is no situation in which melancholy may not be assuaged by the company of the beloved object. Sickness itself is not without its alleviation, when we have the pleasure of being attended by her we love. I should never conclude, if I attempted to give a detail of all the delights of an attachment, wherein we meet with every thing which can flatter the senses with the most lively and diffusive raptures. But I must not omit taking notice of the pleasure of beholding the lovely pledges of a tender friendship, daily growing up, and of amusing ourselves, according to our different sexes, in training them to perfection. We give way to this agreeable instinct of nature, refined by love. In a daughter, we praise the beauty of her mother; in a son, we commend the understanding, and the appearance of innate probity, which we esteem in his father. It is a pleasure which, according to Moses, the Almighty himself enjoyed, when he beheld the work of his hands, and saw that all was good.

Speaking of Moses, I cannot forbear observing that the primitive plan of felicity infinitely surpasses all others, and I cannot form an idea of Paradise, more like a Paradise, than the state in which our first parents were placed: that proved of short duration, because they were unacquainted with the world, and it is for the same reason that so few love-matches prove happy. Eve was like a silly child, and Adam was not much enlightened. When such people come together, their being affectionate is to no purpose, for their affections must necessarily be short-lived. In the transports of their love they form supernatural ideas of each other. The man thinks his mistress an angel because she is handsome, and she is enraptured with the merit of her lover, because he adores her. The first decay of her complexion deprives her of his adoration, and the husband being no longer an adorer, becomes hateful to her, who had no other foundation for her love. By degrees they grow disgustful to each other, and after the example of our first parents they do not fail to reproach each other with the crime of their mutual imbecility. After indifference, contempt comes apace, and they are convinced that they must hate each other, because they are married. Their smallest defects swell in each other's view, and they grow blind to those charms, which, in any other object would affect them. A commerce founded merely on sensation can be attended with no other consequences.

A man when he marries the object of his affections, should forget that she appears to him adorable, and should consider her merely as mortal, subject to disorders, caprice and ill-temper: he should arm himself with fortitude, to bear the loss of her beauty, and should provide himself with a fund of complaisance which is requisite to support a constant intercourse, with a person even of the highest understanding and the greatest equanimity. The wife, on the other hand, should not expect continued adulation and obedience; she should dispose herself to obey in her turn with a good grace; a science very difficult to attain, and consequently the more estimable in the opinion of a man who is sensible of the merit. She should endeavor to revive the charms of the mistress, by the solidity and good sense of the friend.

When a pair, who entertain such rational sentiments, are united by indissoluble bonds, all nature smiles upon them, and the most common objects appear delightful.

From a late London Magazine.

ON dipping lately into Mr. Holcroft's Travels, I was struck with the following dialogue between the author and the master of a Paris hotel.—"Where are the sheets?"—'I will bring them directly.' "Why does not your wife come with them?"—'I always spare my wife that trouble.' "Right; no husbands on earth are as civil as the French." 'My wife sweeps the yard, I sweep the rooms.' Well, thought I, this seems to an Englishman a singular division of labor; but it is a whimsical custom in a whimsical country.

It has ever been the praise of England, that, as the weaker sex are excluded, more strictly, perhaps, than in most other European countries, from all the walks of profit or honor, an amends is made to them by their being excused from those more laborious offices which are neither fitted to the weakness of their frame nor the delicacy of their habits and manners. Judge then how I was surprized to see a few days after, in a newspaper, an account of the yearly meeting of the Bath Agricultural Society, in which among the premiums given by that respectable and polite body for the year 1805, I remarked the following—"*For Women-plowing.*" I own my curiosity is greatly excited to learn the motive of this singular attempt to give a new direction to the activity of one half of the species. Is it that the consumption of human lives made by our fleets, and our armies, and our devouring manufactures, have really not left men sufficient for the purposes of agriculture? If so, I fear that, as a nation, we are not altogether in the prosperous state which the flow of wealth and the display of splendor would seem to indicate. It was esteemed one of the most unequivocal signs of the exhausted and miserable state to which France was reduced in the latter days of Louis the XIVth. that in many provinces they had only women left for the offices of husbandry; and in all ages and countries, to have only women to till the ground, or gather in the fruits of the earth, has been thought to present a striking picture of desolation. The country is poor, whatever else is plentiful, where men are scarce; "I will make a man more scarce than gold, yea, a man than the gold of Ophir," says the prophet. But I am willing to believe this scarcity does not exist with us: the evil is rather, that the men have begun by taking the departments of the women. If we ask where are the robust frames that ought to be toiling in the winter's frost and summer's sun, we shall find that some of them are stationed in warm carpetted rooms, handing tea to a circle of idle listless ladies and gentlemen; others are lifting up and down their long legs, and painfully trying to accommodate their pace to the short trip of a delicate young lady, who walks before them, or the slow pace of an infirm old one: some are carrying out lap-dogs to air; some with white sleeves and aprons are making cheesecakes; some with a piece of tape are measuring the size of a young lady's waist, and the contour of her bosom; and hundreds are stationed the live-long day behind counters, sorting thread, and measuring lace and ribbon. Let then the servants' halls give up the idle that are in them, and the pastry-cooks and haberdashers' shops the idle that are in them, and we shall have a sufficiency of stout recruits for the plough, without taking the women from their appropriate employments. Indeed they cannot attend both, and if the wives are to be in the field, their husbands must in return wash the linen, rock the cradle, and dress the dinner.

After viewing the proposal in a political, we may contemplate it in a picturesque light. Our rural poet Thompson has described in glowing colours the hay-making lass, placed by the side of her lover, and with all

Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek;

but I question if he would have been equally pleased with the idea of a sturdy lass stooping over the plough, and whistling to the horses. But indeed before the effect can be well ascertained, we ought to know with more accuracy what is intended; for it does not appear by the statement in the paper, whether the female is to *guide the plough* or to be *yoked to it*. The latter, though novel here, would not be altogether unprecedented, since we are informed by a late writer, Mr. Barrow, that in China, a country which does not yield in politeness even to Bath, it is not uncommon to see a husbandman ploughing with a woman and an ass yoked together. This is an age of improvements; and if the Chinese custom were adopted, it would no doubt be a great saving in the labor of that noble quadruped the horse, and would correspond to the scale of excellence of some philosophers I have lately conversed with, who hold that man is of a more perfect and beautiful form than his female companion, and a horse more perfect and beautiful than either of them.

The late Mr. Humboldt descended into the crater of the volcano of Torcello, which still burns, to the depth of seventy toises: being only about fifteen toises from the bottom. He stated, in one of his letters, that the examination of this volcano would enable him to throw considerable light on the nature of these terrible phenomena.

LITERARY NOTICES,

[In English Publications—the last year.]

HISTORY.

"Ancient and Modern Malta; containing a description of posts and cities of the island of Malta and Goza; together with the Monuments of antiquity still remaining, the different governments to which they have been subjected, their trade and finances; as also the history of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, from their first establishment in Malta till the beginning of the nineteenth century; with a particular account of the events which preceded and attended its capture by the French and conquest by the English; by *Louis de Boisgelin*, Knight of Malta; with an appendix, containing a number of State Papers and other documents, a Chart of the islands, Views, Portraits, Antiques, &c. &c.

An authentic History of the Knights of Malta is as rich in chivalrous atchievement as the wildest fictions of romance. During a period of seven hundred years have these military monks been the terror of the Crescent, and the guardian of the Cross. How are the mighty fallen! Solyman II. lost thirty thousand Turks in besieging the island, and his Aga was at length compelled to flee precipitately, baffled and disgraced. The renegado descendants of these valiant warriors yielded, almost without a shot, to the arms of Bonaparte!

M. Boisgelin, who acknowledges the timidity and irresolution of the Grand Master Hompesch, and the defection of some individual knights, is yet so attached to his order, and has made himself so entirely its apologist, as scarcely to give credit to the extent of its treachery and the grossness of its corruption. It is perfectly well known, that the conquest of Malta was projected at Paris by the knights of the order; which, if we can give any credit to the eloquent and pathetic remonstrance of the Maltese deputies to Lord Hobart, has, from its wantonness and tyranny, long been objects of utter hatred and execration to the Maltese people, who have been compelled to bend under its detested yoke. This remonstrance, it is remarkable, is not once alluded to by M. Boisgelin, who has every where endeavored to impress a belief that the Maltese were the happiest people in the world; that the utmost harmony prevailed between them and the Order, whose government is represented as having been so mild, benignant and humane, that the people of Malta would be reduced to the most deplorable and piteous state if deprived of its paternal guardianship!

Indeed a principal part of our author's design is avowedly to prove that the Order of Malta has for years past distinguished itself for piety and military exploits in as illustrious a manner as during the most renowned ages of ancient chivalry, and that it has a right of course to resume a post, hitherto so honorably filled, but of which it has been deprived, says he, by the reign of tyranny. The work is divided into two parts. The first includes a geographical description of the island, together with the different monuments of the arts still remaining, the government, administration, natural history, trade and finances. The second contains the history of the Knights of Malta, from the time of their departure from Rhodes to the conquest of the island by the English in September, 1800. What concerns the Knights, at least from the period of their institution to the celebrated siege of Solyman, under the Grand Mastership of La Valette, is more elegantly and fully given by the Abbe Vertot, from whom, indeed, a very great portion of these pages is translated. Vertot concluded his history from that period, under the name of Annals, which are comparatively meagre, but, nevertheless, contain materials for a satisfactory history.

A map of Malta and Goza on a very large scale, and very neatly executed, is prefixed to these volumes.

Mr. Wilkinson has published, in one neat duodecimo, "*An Epitome of the History of Malta and Goza,*" which in a small compass contains much information.

POETRY.

For the MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

THE COTTAGE OF PEACE.

WHERE the low drooping willows obscure from the view
A humble thatch'd cot, by Simplicity dress'd,
Such a groupe may be seen as the pencil ne'er drew,
Nor the fanciful pen of the poet express'd.
The pure vestal flame of Content there shall burn,
When the worldling's delusive enjoyments shall cease,
And oft as the evening's dark shadows return,
Shall illume with its splendor the *Cottage of Peace.*

The dim eye of age there shall sparkle with joy,
While life's fainting taper gleams brightly around;
And the pure heart of Innocence feel no alloy,
Where only the transports of pleasure abound.
As they sink to the tomb where the aged must rest,
Where the vot'ry of wealth from his labors must cease,
Not a care, not a sorrow, shall ever molest
The hearts that inhabit the *Cottage of Peace.*

By the hand of Affection supported along,
They shall trace out the path they were born to pursue;
Nor e'er be disturb'd by the gay motley throng
Who follow *false* pleasure and laugh at the *true.*
When the shadowy curtains of night are withdrawn,
And Aurora bids Neptune the morning release,
I trip with delight o'er the dew-sprinkled lawn,
And joyfully visit the *Cottage of Peace.*

The lessons of wisdom the aged can teach,
And enraptur'd, their dictates with rev'rence I hear
And oft in the shade of the wide spreading beach,*
I recline till my friends of the cottage appear.
While all, plac'd around on the turf-cover'd seat,
Feel their pleasures renew'd and affection increase,
Even TRAY, as attentive he lay, at my feet,
Seems to bless with his eyes the lov'd *Cottage of Peace.*

O I may heaven still bless the dear friends so belov'd,
And emulous, teach me their path to pursue--
To follow their steps by Experience prov'd,
To be to the dictates of purity true.
And when with the clods of the valley I'm laid
Where all my wild ramblings forever must cease,
May my mouldering ashes repose in the shade
Of the willows that wave o'er the *Cottage of Peace.*

BEAUMONT.

* "——*patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi.*"—VIRGIL.

FOR THE MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

SONNET,

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET Bird of evening, when thy plaintive song
Breaks on the drowsy stillness of the air,
I feel my heart alighted of its care,
Thy soft notes echoing as I rove along.

Blest with that motive power, to stray
Where melody invites or fancy leads;
To rest in shady groves or sunny meads,
Still changing pleasure in thy varied way.

But where for me through life's unnumber'd scenes,
Such pleasure flows, unknown to care and woe;
Secure from blighted hope and faithless love,
Which haunt my weary steps where'er I go.

Sweet Bird of evening, in thy native bowers,
Cheer with thy softest notes my lonely hours.

S.

ODE TO DESPAIR.

O THOU, the fiend to Death allied,
Who sit'st by weeping Sorrow's side,
And bidd'st unreal shapes arise,
Of monstrous port and giant size—
Despair! thy gorgon eye
Can numb the heart with stern control,
And bind in ice the palsied soul,
Where'er beneath some whistling shed
Thy sullen form is laid,
Scaring from orphan breasts the balm of sleep;
Or listening to the hollow sigh
Of her whose infants watch and weep;
While round her side, with slow, consuming pang,
The barking dogs of Famine hang.

II.

Or cast upon some trackless shore,
'Gainst which the barren billows roar,
Thou turn'st thy leaden eyes in vain
Across th' immeasurable main;
And through the hoarsely murm'ring spray.
Hear'st the sad sea shriek die away,
While through the howling storm, in awful pride,
The baleful spirits of the thunder ride.

III.

Oft by the taper's mournful ray,
In arched vaults but dimly seen,
Where cloister'd virgins vainly pray,
Thou lov'st to mark the solemn scene;
And haunt the gloomy cell
Where pale Regret and hopeless Memory dwell,
And weeping love; and by his side
Unsated Lust and lingring Pride,
Who left the world they lov'd so well,
And Shame, that shuns the day.

IV.

But fiercest, on the blood-stain'd ground,
Where crush'd Ambition stares around,
And kindred Vice, of coward soul,
That hugs the knife with downcast eye,
And dreads the blow she dares not fly;
There sits thy dark terrific form;
With swollen balls that wildly roll,
And points the slowly gathering storm
Big with the threats of Fate,
Around thee hideous phantoms wait,
And chiefly he, the giant power,
Whom lustful Sin to Murder bore,
Fell Suicide, that stalks behind,
With ghastly smile, and baneful breath,
When Hope has left the guilty mind,
Sounding the dirge of Death.

EPIGRAM.

"IF Nature never acts a part in vain,
"Who (said an atheist) shall this fact explain?
"Why in the glow-worm does her power produce
"Such lavish lustre, for so little use?"
A plain blunt fellow, who, by chance stood by,
Heard what he said, and made him this reply:
"Nature (quoth he) explains her own design;
"She meant to mortify all pride like thine,
"When o'er an insects tail such *light* she spread,
"And left such *darkness* in a coxcomb's head."

A Devonshire droll has thus burlesqued the lullaby pastoral of Shenstone.

My banks are all furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep,
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.

IMITATION.

My beds are all furnish'd with fleas,
Whose bitings invite me to scratch;
Well stock'd are my orchards with jays,
And my pig-sties white over with thatch.

The late Earl of Rochester, having been invited by the captain of a vessel, on board his ship, and having indulged in generous libations to Bacchus, the Earl was about to retire, when the commander addressed him, saying 'will you not drink to the ship?' the Earl enquired her name, and being told it was the *Hector*, filled his bumper, and gave the following:

"Hail noble Hector! son of Priam,
"Thy captain's surely drunk as I am."

It is generally with persons of superior worth, that foibles of the most disagreeable sort are to be found; as if nature delighted in pulling down with one hand what she had been erecting with the other.

The following is the manner in which the London Magazine speaks of Mr. OTIS's Oration on the Death of Gen. Hamilton, under the head of "*Retrospect of American Literature.*"

"Mr. OTIS's Oration on the Death of Gen. HAMILTON" is an agreeable specimen of eloquence, and well suited to the occasion for which it was prepared. The style is easy, natural and unaffected, the panegyric is judicious and appropriate, and the whole performance is suited to inspire the reader not only with admiration of the character of the deceased, but also with respect and esteem for the author."

EMPEROR NERO.

Nature had delineated his manners on his face, and the whole mark of his body: for he had little eyes, and covered with fat, his throat and chin joined together, a thick neck, great belly, and his legs slender. All which proportion made him not unlike a swine, whose filthiness he well exprest. His chin was turned upwards, which was a sign of his cruelty. Fair hair, small legs, and his face rather fair than majestical, were pregnant signs of his effeminateness. His unheard of wickedness was prognosticated by his father *Domitius*, from a calculation of his own, and his wife Aggripina's manners, in these words:—*It is impossible that any thing that is good should proceed from me or her.*

De Retz says, that no ancient Roman ever possessed the virtues of courage and of public spirit in a degree superior to Mole, who was first president of the parliament of Paris. In the time of the Fronde, a man presented a dagger to his breast, threatening him with instant death if he would not consent to some decree proposed in the parliament which Mole thought prejudicial to his country, "know, my friend," said he, looking sternly at him, "that the distance is infinite from the dagger of an assassin to the heart of an honest man."

DIED,

At Cottingham, England, in the 96th year of his age, Nathaniel Wilson, who, until the last two years of his life, maintained himself solely by his own labor. He buried his wife about 34 years ago, and since then, has lived in the same house, by himself, and for the greatest part of that time, the chief articles of his food have been bread, cheese and milk. What is something remarkable he had reserved two large coals ever since his wife's death, to be burned at his funeral.

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